

“YOU see, Pal,” exclaimed Beulah, sitting in front of the Scotch collie who was having an unusually early breakfast, “we have to flax around this morning. We have to be down at the station at half-past ten, when the President’s train comes in. The President is going to make a speech and the Woman’s Club is going to give his wife a beautiful bouquet, and Mother says I may give the President a basket of strawberries from my own little patch. They’re in the ice-box now, keeping cool and fresh for him. Mother and Junior are going with Mrs. Darby and Mrs. Dexter’s going to take me in her car.

“Hurry now and we’ll just take a couple of rides with the coaster cart, and then I must go in and take care of Junior while Mother gets the work done up.”

So Beulah got into the cart and, holding tightly to Pal’s collar, she said, “Sic ‘em Pal!” and away went Pal with the cart rattling alongside. When Beulah said, “Gee!” he turned to the right: “Haw!” meant left turn and at “Whoa!”, Pal stopped. They went twice around the block and then Beulah put away the cart and went in.

At quarter-to-ten, Mother and Junior drove away with Mrs. Darby. Mrs. Dexter was to come at ten. The pretty brown basket was ready, with its heap of big, juicy, red berries peeping from their bed of cool green leaves. Beulah set it carefully on the table and ran out to tie Pal so that he couldn’t follow her.

It was almost ten now and Beulah put on her hat and put the key in the outside of the lock so as not to keep Mrs. Dexter waiting a minute. Then she went out to the gate and looked up the street, but there was no one in sight. She waited quite a little while but Mrs. Dexter didn’t come. She went back into the house to look at the clock. It was five minutes past ten. What could be keeping Mrs. Dexter? Now it was six minutes past. Beulah ran out to the gate again, but still there was no one in sight. She ran back to the house and the clock said eight minutes past. Only twenty-two minutes until the train was due—but Mr. Dexter would drive fast and it wouldn’t take long. Only—she did wish they’d come: it made her so

Strawberries for the President

BY JORDAN MACDONOUGH



“PAL LOPED ALONG AS THOUGH HE KNEW THEY MUST GET THERE JUST AS SOON AS THEY POSSIBLY COULD”

Drawing by D. M. Blakely

nervous to wait like this.

She ran to the gate again. Not a sign of anybody. Then she heard the telephone. She raced back to the house and took down the receiver. “Hello!” she called.

“Is that you, Beulah?” said a voice. “This is Mrs. Dexter. Mr. Dexter has just telephoned that he had an accident with the car and he won’t be able to come up for us. I’m so sorry, dear, that we’ll have to miss seeing the President, but it can’t be helped. Goodbye.”

Beulah hung up the receiver, while her lip trembled and a tear rolled down her cheek. She winked her eyes hard. It was a pretty big disappointment, but she mustn’t cry: she must think what to do. Somehow she must get those strawberries to the President. If they had only known, perhaps Mrs. Darby could have squeezed her in, but it was too late now. She must think of something else—and it was eleven minutes past ten.

Suddenly Beulah’s head went up. She settled her hat a little more firmly, seized the basket of berries and darted out of the door. Carefully locking the

door, she put the key in its hiding-place and raced around the house to Pal’s kennel.

Leaving the snap in his collar, she undid the rope from the kennel and fastened it to the coaster cart. Then she pulled the cart out to the street, seated herself in it, placed the basket carefully beside her, took hold of Pal’s collar and said, “Sic ‘em, Pal!” and away they went.

The pavements were smooth and there were no cars to dodge, for it seemed that everybody must have gone to greet the President. Pal loped along as though he knew that they must get there just as soon as they possibly could, and Beulah held tightly to his collar and said, “Gee!” and “Haw!” and “Sic ‘em!” until at last there was the station and the big crowd, and the train not in yet.

The next thing was to get up close to the track. She got out of the cart and took hold of the handle, but she couldn’t get any farther, for the crowd was packed so closely that there wasn’t any possible way to get through.

Right in front of her was a big man. Peeping up at him, Beulah thought he looked good-natured, so she pulled gently at his coat until he looked down at her.

“Won’t you please help me get through the crowd?” she pleaded. “I have to give these berries to the President.”

The big man laughed and then stooped down and picked up Beulah, basket and all. “A message for the President, ladies and gentlemen,” he shouted. “Please make way,” and so, leading Pal and the coaster cart with one hand and carrying Beulah on his shoulder with the other, he made his way through the crowd and set Beulah down right beside the platform of the President’s car which had just pulled in and stopped.

Beulah stood quietly beside her big friend until the President had finished his speech and the ladies came forward with the flowers for his wife. Then the big man lifted Beulah up to the railing and she held out the basket to the President. “I raised them all myself,” was all that she could think of to say, and the President smiled and took them and thanked her, and then he and his wife each ate one and said how delicious they were. The President’s wife kissed her

and asked her name, and then the engine whistle gave a toot, the train began to move and the President and his wife waved their handkerchiefs while all the crowd cheered.

When the big man found Beulah had come down in her coaster cart with Pal, he said that might work all right with the streets clear, but it wouldn't do for her to go home that way, so he put her and Pal and the coaster cart in his big car and whisked them home so fast that they got there ahead of Mother.

But that wasn't the end of it, for what do you think? Two months later, the expressman brought a package addressed to Beulah. Beulah was so excited that she could hardly cut the string, but when the package was finally opened, there was the loveliest china berry set imaginable. The bowl was of green strawberry leaves with a wreath of white blossoms around the top; the sugar bowl was a fat strawberry with blossoms for handles and a cover of green leaflets with a twisted stem on top. The cream pitcher was a strawberry, too, with a folded leaf for a spout and a twisted stem for a handle. In the package was a card bearing greetings and good wishes from the President and his wife.

"Oh, isn't it lovely!" signed Beulah. "And just think! If it hadn't been for Pal, I never should have had it!"

On This Glad Day

BY BERNICE POWELL PEABODY

ON this glad day Thy children come
To sing and offer praise
For all the kindness Thou hast done
In many goodly ways.

For friends and home and sunny hours
Glad thank-you hearts we bring;
But most of all for smiling flowers
On Children's Day we sing!

The Adventures of a Dove

BY MARGUERITE GEIBEL

JIMMY and Helen hung over the fence, watching the Masons move. Suddenly Mrs. Mason appeared in a window and called.

"Jimmy! Come here a minute."

With one jump, Jimmy was over the fence, thinking there must be an errand to do.

"I wonder if you and Helen would like to have our dove? We can't take him so far, I'm sorry to say."

"Why, of course we would!" Jimmy lifted the cage carefully and hurried toward Helen, who held Dicky while her brother climbed over the fence.

They entered the house, and without waiting to explain, Jimmy began, "Mother, may we keep him?"

"I don't see why not," Mrs. Miller smiled.

Helen and Jimmy sat down on the floor beside the cage, to get acquainted with Dicky, who looked at them curiously with his beady brown eyes. His

lovely fawn coat was clean and smooth, and trimmed with a neat little black collar.

"He's too big for this little brass cage, isn't he Helen?" Jimmy asked presently.

"Yes," Helen laughed, "but we can't make him any smaller, so let's make a larger cage!"

Jimmy waited for no more, but ran down cellar and returned with wire screening, a large box, hammer and nails.

In an hour, Dicky had a house twice as large as his old one, the door of which was used on the new cage.

The children talked quietly to him, kept his house clean, fed him and provided fresh water. Dicky could see for himself that he had found a good home with thoughtful friends. Still they were not satisfied with what they were doing for him.

"Helen, do you think he likes being in a cage?" Jimmy asked one day.

"Why no! Of course he doesn't—any more than we would. He wants to be outside. Let's look for a place to hang his cage." They found a sunny spot outside the back door, and after fastening two hooks high up where no cat could reach, they hung Dicky out to enjoy the sunshine.

And how he did enjoy it! How he always had longed to get out into the sun where a bird belongs!

There were still more surprises in store for Dicky; in fact, Mrs. Miller had just given her consent to one. The children closed the kitchen doors and windows, and Jimmy and Helen opened the cage door and gently lifted Dicky out. But the dove had been shut up so long, he couldn't understand at first, and hopped under a chair. It seemed like a cage to him.

"Just lift the chair away quietly," Jimmy suggested. "The poor fellow has been shut up so long he thinks he has to be in some small space."

Helen lifted the chair away, and Dicky began to walk about, finally flying to the window sill, then back to the top of his cage. Every day the performance was repeated, and every day Dicky enjoyed it more. He learned to ride about on the children's shoulders as they went from room to room, and when they held him in front of a mirror, he tried to peek back of it, to see just where the "other" bird was.

"Jimmy," Helen said one day, "he has learned to follow us everywhere. Why couldn't we take him outdoors?"

"Let's try," Jimmy agreed promptly, and out they went with Dicky on Jimmy's shoulders. He made no effort to leave them, but seemed content to be with them in the great outdoors. Several outings proved that he could be trusted on a little perch which was put up where his cage had hung.

One day when Jimmy and Helen were racing in the backyard, they heard the flutter of wings and a triumphant crowing. Dicky had raced with them, and

beaten them to the post which was their goal! They tried running back to the house, and again the dove won the race and crowed. Dicky had learned to play tag!

By this time, Dicky had become the wonder of the neighborhood. He followed the children as a matter of course, and enjoyed being one of the crowd. Sometimes he would fly to a nearby tree, but always he came back to his friends.

"Look, Jimmy!" Helen called out as they were playing in the yard, "that's why he won't bathe in the nice clean water we put in his cage. He likes little muddy puddles he finds for himself!"

Just then Ray and Blanche Wilson appeared on their way to the store. "Helen, we tried putting our canary out every day and he's singing now. He hadn't sung in a long time."

As the went on their way Jimmy remarked, "That's the fourth canary that is getting more sunshine since we got Dicky."

"And there's no telling how many more we haven't heard of," Helen answered. "I suppose other birds seem stupid just sitting in a cage when our Dove can do so many things, just because he was given a chance."

In the middle of the summer, a bird man came to call on Jimmy and Helen. "I heard about your trained dove. Won't you let me see him perform?"

"Of course!" they chorused, and ran to the cage. When they returned the dove was on Helen's shoulder, looking as if he had a perfect right to be there. They took him out and played tag with him, Dicky letting the children get a start, but always beating them in the race.

Mr. Clark was delighted. Dicky seemed to enjoy it all so. "How would you two like to train some of the doves I sell?" he asked finally.

"Oh! It would be such fun!" Jimmy cried.

"I'll pay you well for it," Mr. Clark added.

Their eyes danced when he left, promising to return with one of the birds the next morning.

"Paid for training doves, Sister—just imagine!"

"And they'll be such good company for Dicky. Where is he, anyway?" Helen looked about.

But Dicky was celebrating by taking a bath in a muddy puddle he had selected for the occasion.

Sunrise

BY DOROTHY E. COLLINS

A BIRD of fire
In a twiggy tree
Hopped up higher
And then flew free.
The milkman shouted
And the bird was gone
Like golden fire
Across the lawn.

The House the We Ones Built

BY RUTH H. COLBY

"**B**UT, Miss Louise, we just must do something for poor Marjorie."

"Why of course we must, Mary Ellen, dear. What were you thinking of?"

"That's the trouble. I can't think of anything," and Mary Ellen looked quite despairing.

It was the treasured last fifteen minutes of Sunday School, the time that Miss Louise's class, the We Ones, so called because their object was to stand together to help others, loved the best. For, with the lesson finished, that fifteen minutes was their own. Sometimes they spent it memorizing a favorite psalm—usually a short one—or an especially loved hymn; sometimes they chanted together, under their breaths, so as not to disturb the rest of the school gathered in the little church, a selection they had already learned. But, best of all, when a problem presented itself concerning one of them they talked it over, and usually Miss Louise found some plan for them to work out.

Lena Banks' even voice broke the little silence following Mary Ellen's plaint.

"I was going to take her some flowers—my bachelor's buttons are as blue as blue—but she had roses come from New York this morning. They had stems as long as I am," Lena's tone was aggrieved, "Esther Johnson said so. She waits on table there, and she saw them."

Lena paused for breath, and the class gazed in silent awe. Wild roses they knew well, with short briery stems, but these marvelous blooms! Well, flowers were out of the question anyway.

"It's no good taking her things to eat, either," Abbie Doolittle's eyes were serious behind her round spectacles. "My mother says no one can beat Mrs. Sedley's cooking up at the boarding house."

"And she's got more toys than we have all put together." This last was a positively despairing wail from pretty Mae Edwards, and the members of the little class looked at each other forlornly.

Marjorie Stearns was a much loved member of the We Ones. To be sure, she really belonged to the "summer people" who flocked to the mountains surrounding Fox Valley with the growing leaves of spring, and who vanished completely with the falling leaves of autumn. A few even penetrated the valley itself, and Marjorie was one of these. This was her third summer as a member of the We Ones. Now she was ill with an attack of tonsillitis and the class was fairly seething with a desire to do something for her, but the problem seemed difficult, for city-bred Marjorie was surrounded with luxuries quite foreign to her little classmates.



The Happy Time

BY MARJORIE DILLON

IT'S jolly kite and marble time!
The springtime gladness calls,
And children hear, and run outdoors
With hoops, and tops, and balls.

It's happy go-a-fishing time,
With picnics by the stream.
The fields are gay with blossom rugs,
The meadows are a gleam.

It's honey bee and clover time;
The air is all perfume.
It's garden time and growing time,
With orchards fair a-bloom.

It's merry wren and robin time!
The world is blithe with song.
We're out to laugh and roam and play—
Oh, won't you come along?

Miss Louise smiled at the sober faces. "Well, my dears, we can at least write her. Friendly letters are one thing you can't buy, you know. Mary Ellen, you're the minister's daughter, you start today, the Sunday letter. Who'll take the Monday one?"

With laughing eagerness that matter was settled for the coming week.

"But, Miss Louise, isn't there anything we can give her?" asked Mary Ellen wistfully.

Ting-a-ling! The warning bell sounded clearly through the pleasant little room.

Miss Louise nodded cheerfully.

"I've a plan. Can you girls come over to my house tomorrow morning?"

The class nodded as one man—or girl, rather.

"Bring your scissors," said Miss Louise, and not another word would she say.

It was an eager little group that appeared before Miss Louise's picket fence the following morning. There were scissors with ribbon, and scissors with string, while Abbie Doolittle's showed a business-like loop of tape for their owner to identify them by.

"Why scissors?" puzzled Mary Ellen, as they trudged up the flower-bordered path.

"Paper dolls," suggested Lena—who loved them.

"Doll's clothes," said practical Abbie, and then Miss Louise greeted them and led them through the hall to the big screened porch.

There was a large round table with chairs drawn up to it. A truly mountainous pile of magazines lay in the center with a smaller pile of smooth brown sheets, just ordinary wrapping paper, by its side.

With wide, interested eyes the four sat down. Mary Ellen gave a little gurgle.

"Scrap books," she announced triumphantly.

Miss Louise smiled. "No, a house book. Suppose you choose your rooms."

Interest vied with puzzlement. Then Abbie Doolittle's precise little voice announced decidedly, "I'll take the kitchen."

Mary Ellen came out of her daze.

"I'll take the living room, but how do I do it?"

Miss Louise ruffled through the various magazines. She had made a hasty collection that morning from willing neighbors. From one advertisement gleamed a ruddy fireplace, with easy chairs before it; a spotless tiled bath followed on another page, then came a gaily decorated dining table.

"O-oh," came a long sigh of joy from the We Ones, and the magazines were seized with eager fingers, and the scissors, long and thin, short and fat, blunt and pointed, began to clash.

"Just look at my grand piano," as Mary Ellen, fingers forgotten in the paste jar, hung over the shining picture in rapture.

"My kitchen cabinet is grander," and the tone of Abbie Doolittle, whose name should really have been Abbie Doomuch, was just as rapt.

"I have twin beds, with pink covers, and a pink rug." Even Lena's placid tone had a thrill in it.

Each brown sheet was carefully finished and laid aside, ready to be tied with Miss Louise's blue ribbon. The house was finished, spotless kitchen, a most completely furnished living room, and even a blue and white nursery with white, flower-painted furniture.

"A house must have people, you know," said Miss Louise.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



34 THE LINCOLN,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to join the Beacon Club very much and wear a pin. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School in Toledo. Our teacher's name is Mrs. Holmes. She is very nice. We have *Beacons* every Sunday. I like them very much. I am nine years old and in the fifth grade at the Smead school. My mother went to Sunday school in Cleveland when you were minister of the Unitarian Church there.

Yours truly,

DOREEN CANADAY.

6834 19TH ST., N. E.,
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to the Unitarian Sunday School and church. I know numbers as high as ten and ten.

Yours truly,

ESWORTHY LANGE.

Other new members of our Club are Lenore Doster and Ruby Galletly, Topeka, Kas.; Priscilla Swan, Keene, N. H.; Laura Kripstock, Bethel, Vt.; Alphalene R. Pendleton, Elamsville, Va.; Clara Lee Spencer, Stella, Va.; Georgie and Bula May, Lansing, N. C.

New members in Massachusetts are—Malcolm Fairbanks, Fitchburg, Grosvenor and Peggy Tarbell, Lincoln; Eleanor and Marjory Waldron, Taunton; Thelma Macomber, West Bridgewater; Frances Goodrich, Millbrook; Albert Anall, Newburyport; Dana and Warren Witherell, Jamaica Plain; Harold A. Smith, Mendon; Anna and Olga Glemm, Elizabeth and Ruth Osborne and Ann Pottala, Peabody.

304 new members have been added to our Club since June of last year, our total membership now being about 4,000.

"Oh," squealed Mae Edwards, "I saw the sweetest baby for the nursery."

And so it went. A curly two-year-old was placed on the bathroom scales, a filmy frocked lady was pasted into the living-room, while a crisp gingham and aproned person was thoughtfully placed close to the kitchen cabinet. Miss Louise had wisely included some fashion magazines.

The clock on the Academy struck twelve. The four, well stuck up with paste by this time, looked up gravely.

"What are we to call this?" asked Lena, who liked names for things, but rarely thought them up herself.

There was deep thought. Mary Ellen's face brightened. "Why not The House the We Ones Built?" And with a shout the name was accepted.

The next Sunday, as the treasured last fifteen minutes arrived, Miss Louise drew

a note from her bag. There was a little gasp and rustle from the class.

"You dear We Ones," began Miss Louise, "Marjorie wants me to tell you that she loves the house you built for her best of everything she has had during her illness."

"Better than those roses?" Lena had never forgotten those wonders.

"Sh—sh." Mary Ellen nudged her.

"Even though it was such a wonderfully complete house, it never was big enough to tire her, and she has it by her now. She hopes you all can peep in on her tomorrow without fail."

Miss Louise looked at her class questioningly.

"The We Ones will visit their house," announced Mary Ellen, and the class beamed as they joined lustily in the closing hymn.

Genuine Service to Others

BY THE EDITOR

ABOUT three years ago the editor of this paper, in an address given at New Bedford, Mass., told of the need of a missionary fund to help small and isolated schools. The Superintendent mentioned the matter to the members of the church school in that city and the pupils promptly voted to send \$15.00 to Miss Buck to be used for this purpose. A statement of the way the money was spent was made to the school, awakening a real interest in other schools, from our Unitarian school in Dundee, Scotland, where a few extra copies of *The Beacon* are sent each year to a liberal school of colored children in Cambridge, and to others, all of our faith, in the south and west. Last year the New Bedford school again sent \$15.00, which was spent and reported in like manner. This year, on May 2, Miss Buck received, entirely unsolicited, from the New Bedford school, the generous sum of \$35.00. "Evidently that school likes the way you spend its money" was the comment of an interested friend to the Editor.

Thank you all, members of the New Bedford Church School, for your interest in other schools and your generous help for those less fortunate than yourselves. May your own interests widen and your hearts be enriched by this contribution to children in other schools of our own faith.

Several of our schools in the past have generously subscribed for copies of *The Beacon* for schools that could not afford our paper. There stands now, at the close of this church-school year, a credit of \$5.00 sent by our school in Kalamazoo, Michigan, to provide some school with ten copies of our paper next year. Our thanks to this school, also, and we wish that its members may find happiness in this service to others.

This is the last number of Volume 14 of our paper. The next volume will begin with October 5, when all our schools will again be in session. May good attend you all, Beacon readers, with health and joy, and may you find God in the beauty, the freedom, the gladness of the summer days!

Church School News

The minister of the Independent Evangelical Lutheran Congregation (Finnish), at Red Lodge, Montana, sends the following news note concerning their church school:

The church school has 18 pupils. There have we readen (here are given the names of two Finnish books) and Bible history as the children can understand. We have readen also *The Beacon*. We have had a mind to do a trip, but then it has snowed so much that the mindest pupil, Helena, has been lost so in snow that only her cap tassel has been visible from above the snow. Now here is much mud. Mattilas Hoskis and Harilas children thank you for *Beacon*.

With all good wishes to all who read *Beacon*.

For the Church School.

(Signed) (Rev.) Maria Lappalainen.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LIX

I am composed of 29 letters and am a message to our boys and girls.

My 11, 12, 14, 6, is very small.
My 2, 1, 18, 19, is a large public room.
My 29, 4, 24, 25, 28, is an old-time weapon.
My 7, 8, 29, 27, holds flowers.
My 9, 22, 21, 26, 27, is unrefined.
My 16, 17, 23, is used in a boat.
My 5, 13, 4, 5, 6, is a flower.
My 3, 28, 12, 10, is a song.
My 15, 20, 4, is a toy.

J. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 33

ENIGMA LXV.—Charles J. Dutton.

ENIGMA LXVI.—Charles Dickens.

CHARADE.—Pillow.

STAIR PUZZLE.—SOW

OWE
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DAN

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 34

ENIGMA LXVII.—Jerusalem, Palestine.

ENIGMA LXVIII.—Argentina.

HIDDEN TREES.—1. Willow 2. Fir. 3. Larch.
4. Pear. 5. Cypress. 6. Peach. 7. Palmetto.
8. Yew. 9. Bass.

BEHEADING PUZZLE.—1. None, onc. 2. Many, any. 3. Nay, ay. 4. Sever, ever. 5. Twin, win. 6. Seven, even. 7. Rend, end. 8. Hear, ear. 9. Pill, ill. 10. Bark, ark.

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REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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